The Commonweal
June 20, 1947

Peace in Jail

George H. Dunne

Europe's Troubled Mind

H. A. Reinhold

THE TAFT-HARTLEY BILL

VOLUME XLVI 15c NUMBER 10

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Next Week

What is scheduled for the June 27 issue gives a real indication of the good reading that is in store for Commonweal subscribers this summer.

POLEMICS & FRENCH WRITING, by C. G. Paulding, traces the development of French ideas from the days of Zola's naturalism down to the existentialists of today. In doing so, he touches on the cult of realism, the purity of Mallarme, and the part played by the Catholic literary revival. What a nation of brilliant minds has learned and teaches even in its present trouble.

OBSTACLE TO HOUSING, by James McCawley, is another in a series on what many Americans consider our leading domestic problem. G. H. Robinson several weeks ago assessed the responsibility of the real estate lobby and its opposition to the national housing bill. Mr. McCawley, a member of the Construction Industry Advisory Council, takes the productivity of present building workers to task—he gives specific data on the decline of worker productivity in such major operations as bricklaying, lath and plaster, roofing, etc., etc.

THE SICK MARE, by T. D. Lyons, is another charming reminiscence of the Big Place. It tells of the heroic efforts to save Lil, who had gorged on corn and barley mix and then drunk lots of water. Key roles are played by an amateur veterinary, Doc Ferris's drugstore and the Northwestern Railroad.

Also: Kappo Phelan on the Experimental Theater. John C. Cort on the national labor scene. Edward Skillin, Jr., on "Report from Spain."

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The
COMMONWEAL

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"In the Very Heart of America"

ONE of the happier aspects of the American political system is that ordinarily if representatives of one party stray too far off the reservation, their political opponents can be counted on to bring them back in line. There are, of course, such traditions of Senatorial courtesy which have been used to cover a multitude of evils. Or the system of the ex-mayor of Jersey City, who at times had the Republicans of his state collaborating directly with him, whatever they might say about Hagueism to the gullible voter. Let us hope that the determination of Republican Senators James P. Kem of Missouri and Homer Ferguson of Michigan and others can be counted on in the Kansas City case.

It is one of the most flagrant steals to be brought to public attention in recent years and the tragic thing is that President Truman is so seriously implicated. It was Mr. Truman himself who issued the orders last summer that Congressman Slaughter of the President's own 5th Missouri district was to be "purged" in favor of his own candidate, Mr. Axtell. The orders were carried out; Mr. Axtell was nominated in August, though defeated by the Republican candidate in November. The Kansas City *Star* uncovered considerable evidence of election fraud, and the FBI conducted preliminary investigations and finally the suspected ballots, voting records, poll books and tally sheets were impounded as evidence. They were stowed for safekeeping in the vaults of the Jackson County Courthouse. All this undoubtedly incriminating evidence was stolen, at the end of last month, from these vaults—only a few blocks away from the hotel at which Mr. Truman was staying at the time. On the face of it two of the gravest political crimes: that of a fraudulent primary election and the subsequent stealing of the most damning evidence.

In view of this, the inactivity of Mr. Truman in bringing to light the facts in his home county and the restrictions which Attorney General Tom Clark placed on FBI investigators are particularly disheartening. For Mr. Truman does not hesitate to condemn admittedly more large-scale political coups in Central Europe in the most outraged terms.

The fact that the most tangible evidence of fraud is out of reach does not preclude effective prosecution of the case. Plenty of ammunition is apparently at hand with the Kansas City *Star* and FBI; more can be dug up. Something can still be done. The St. Louis *Post Dispatch* demands the appointment of a special investigator free of any connections with the Truman Administration; it also calls upon the President, because his intimate political friends and colleagues are directly involved, to take the initiative in proposing a new federal electoral statute similar to the Hatch Bill of 1940 which was inspired by the last big Kansas City political scandal.

The Republicans will perform a public service if they continue to press for prosecution of this matter. And his critics are right when they warn President Truman in so many words that he had better get this thing cleared up if he has any thought of running in '48.

The British and India

IT MAY be too soon to congratulate the British on having worked out a full and satisfactory solution of the Indian problem, but one can, nevertheless, cite Prime Minister Attlee and, particularly, his field representative, Lord Louis Mountbatten, for one thing: their disposition of the Indian dilemma represents the only encouraging bit of international news that has appeared during the past few months. It revives the muddling-through tradition, and it makes the Moscow Conference pattern for world agreement seem less inevitable. The hour in world history still appears to be quite late, but the British ac-

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complishment in India is proof—temporary, anyway—that it is not too late.

The British themselves would not claim, surely, to have done a perfect, finished job in India. For the moment, they have managed to bring the Indian problem to a point of steadiness which will allow them to tiptoe quietly off, hoping that the delicate house of cards which they leave behind them—some 400,000,000 under-nourished, illiterate souls and a continent divided into Hindustan, Pakistan, and the uneasy bloc of princely states—will not immediately fall in upon itself or be blown away.

The British aspiration may prove to be just one more twentieth century dream. Instead of agreement, the Hindus and Moslems of India, when left to themselves, may produce the end-all specimen of internecine war. The offer of Dominion status in the British Commonwealth of Nations may be trampled and ignored in the bloody, dusty scuffle. And if that happens, the alert policemen who are watching developments in India from just north of Afghanistan may feel called upon to trickle through the Khyber Pass in order to fill, in their own fashion, the function of the late Bengal Lancers.

It can go either way in India. Lord Mountbatten's moment of stability may be only a sour memory in a year from now. But one must remember that the prospect of British success in India has come a long way since the days of Sir Stafford Cripps. Harassed by the after effects of victory-in-war in the twentieth century, as well as by the real or trumped-up momentum of Eastern nationalism, the British have yet managed to maintain their belief in and to move toward an orderly solution. They have not lost the faith. It is doubtful that the Pope was thinking specifically of the British or of India when he addressed the College of Cardinals recently, but at least one passage in his speech might be pointed out to Prime Minister Attlee and his government; or better, they might point it out to everybody else:

> For those who see things in the light of the supernatural, there is no doubt that even in the most serious conflicts of human and national interests, there is always room for a peaceful settlement.

Politics and Public Relations

EARLY LAST March, when President Truman presented his countrymen with the doctrine which bears his name, he looked and sounded like a man who understood the methods of propaganda and public relations almost as well as they were understood by his extraordinary predecessor. His manner was dramatic; his sense for the right moment was inspired. The American people were ready and eager for what he had to tell them. The Truman Doctrine sounded almost as fine as the Atlantic Charter.

A number of things have happened to the Truman Doctrine since it was introduced, but to an increasing number of people (deprived of the fervor and excitement of March 12) it has become less and less attractive. The opponents of the Doctrine, those who view it as a potentially dangerous bit of power politics, have worked more consistently and with greater effect than have the President and his advisers, and as a result of their superior energy, the anti-Doctrine spokesmen have managed to wear away its edge. They have scattered a lot of doubt. Because of the inattention or complacency of the President and his group, their opponents have managed to deepen and widen the impression that the Doctrine is an unplanned negative military affair.

That impression is inexact. But it will stick and it will grow unless those on the other side again take up the fight. The citizens of this country and of every other country should be told, frequently, that plans—economic plans—are going ahead for that part of the Doctrine which applies to Greece and Turkey. The money which has been voted for use in Greece and Turkey will not be poured wholesale into those countries. Everyone should be more regularly and fully informed about what is going on: that there are plans under way, right now, designed to see that the American money destined for Greece and Turkey is used to the best *economic* advantage.

It will be to the President's advantage, and to the world-wide advantage of this country, if he recaptures his public relations timing. And while the President and his advisers are about it, they might take note of the manner in which the activities of the American military mission to Turkey are being reported. So far, the movements of the American survey group in Turkey have been cloaked in the kind of mystery which would seem to make enactment of the Truman Doctrine every bit as nefarious an affair as its most hysterical opponents claim.

New Northwest Congressman

POLITICAL writers are prone to read more national significance into local primaries and elections than the facts often warrant. Mostly by underestimating the influence of local issues. With this important reservation in the background, it is interesting to question what may legitimately be gathered from the close victory of Republican Russell V. Mack over Democratic Charles R. Savage for Congressman from the third Washington district. Reports from the Northwest indicate greater concern on the part of the electorate with Republican-inspired cuts in appropriations for the Bonneville Dam projects than with the Truman foreign policy. Regardless of the political tinge of some of his supporters Mr. Savage did not discuss the latter issue

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in his campaign. And since he cut the difference by which he lost to the Republicans last November to an extremely narrow margin, Mr. Savage undoubtedly benefited from general dissatisfaction with the Republican Congress plan of ruthless slashes of appropriations—particularly for those projects which build up the country regionally (witness the anti-TVA proposals in the current House bill allocating funds for the 21 government corporations not covered by direct appropriations). In any case, Washington Republicans have frantically urged the Senate to restore cuts in the Bonneville appropriations; while Mr. Mack declared upon election that he favored "sensible" appropriations for power-reclamation projects in the West. This is quite in the public interest, but it does also recall that there are at least two ways of vitally affecting the American voter's pocketbook.

Gun Runners

THERE WAS ALWAYS a small gunboat proceeding endlessly up a tropical river; there was always a General being shot by a firing squad in the hot sun, standing against the white wall in the square, and just before he died he always cried out *"tierra y libertad."* There was always a revolution going on in any one of the countries and, between any two of the countries, a war. There was always an American vice-consul, or a consular agent, sweltering in the sun, hiding behind mosquito netting, bored with the natives or hating them, bored with the luxuriant forests or with the barren plains, drinking himself into a stupor of memories about the girl he knew in High School, failing vaguely to be British, unshaven, in pyjamas, at breakfast, never dressing for dinner. And the plot would always have something to do with gun runners, American, or Belgian (Belgian arms were always turning up all over the world) or German—or there would be an off-color British colonel long since cashiered, or a Frenchman escaped from Guiana. That was how it was in O. Henry.

In those days also there was a question of uniforms for the South and Central American armies. Should the soldiers—and particularly the officers—dress like French or like Germans? And also the question of the military missions: should the soldiers goose-step or adopt the rapid cadence of the French, and to what martial music? The military missions were professional football coaches hired to turn out a good team. They were invited from those countries, colleges, which had obtained recent triumphs on whatever fields.

How irresistibly the literature of a certain moment captures the imagination, forms an object and makes it endure! The past of our childhood is too long with us. We do not think of Bolivar, of the heroic and generous dreams of the liberators; it is this obsolete South America of our youth, this South America Model T, into which, as in the days of O. Henry, we have started once again running arms. Only, this time the government itself is running them.

The plan which is being thought out in Washington is to give the larger South American countries two cruisers each and then, in the descending scale of their importance, two destroyers, and then two corvettes (have we still got corvettes?), and then one tugboat complete with smokestack, dinghy and anchor. For land operations a tank or two, a jeep or two, and rifles. A great big cannon to fire off on independence day—and planes to fly like flags in the air. With all this will go complete instructions how to use, together with instructors.

Ardently planning to win some war that might have been fought before the last two that we have just finished off, we are trying to take the place of the Prussian instructors, the place of the French instructors; we are gun-running our rifles instead of Belgian rifles; we want all Central and South American soldiers to march the way we march. Resolutely, we are preparing for the prehistoric war in which a large ABC force (Argentinian, Brazilian, Chilean) crosses the Atlantic on the *Nina,* the *Pinta,* the *Santa Maria,* mounted on elephants crosses the Alps, crosses the Dnieper, the Dniester, the Berezina and terrifies Ivan the Terrible.

Or perhaps it is only that we want to make sure there will be some soldiers left somewhere, in the dense forests, high in the Andes, after all the other soldiers—to the North—together with the civilians, have been exposed to the atom bomb.

It is perhaps only natural that people who still think universal military training a reasonable preparation for atomic warfare should wish to create a museum somewhere in the more inaccessible regions of the world in which to preserve real soldiers, looking like real toy soldiers, complete with the knowledge of close formation drill, erect with rifles—with their officer riding a horse. Possibly, after destruction has come to the great military powers, these lost, and preserved, South American soldiers will issue like figures from a clock and start shooting at each other, marching and counter-marching to the thin ancient tunes of the clock, in order to demonstrate that one of the classical arts of civilization—the art of war—has survived.

If this plan is not proposed by the administration with some such conservative purpose as this—or as a gracious gesture to provide Madame Perón with a battleship built in the USA on which to travel to her next meeting with Franco—it is hard to see what useful purpose it can serve. The arsenal of democracy in time of war becomes a munition shop in time of peace—a munition shop of obsolete weapons. C. G. PAULDING.

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Peace in Jail

Herb Sorrell and the Hollywood-Los Angeles labor picture

George H. Dunne

RECENTLY, one of the lawyers who is defending a batch of defendants in one of the mass labor trials that have been staged out here for the past six months, called me up. "I'm getting positively neurotic," he said. "I want to stay in bed all day. I have a terrific struggle with myself every morning. Yeah, I know, a lot of people don't like to get up in the morning. But this is different. My trouble is that I'm getting so I just can't face those people in the courtroom anymore. I can't take it."

I knew what he meant. Maybe you don't. Maybe you don't live in Los Angeles and don't know about these mass trials. Or maybe you do live in Los Angeles and don't understand about these mass trials.

Eight months ago about nine thousand working people were locked out of the Hollywood studios. I won't stop at this point to argue about whether it was a lockout or a strike. But if you want to call it a strike, that's all right. It does not make any particular difference as far as these mass trials are concerned.

The workers mass-picketed the studios. The producers paid their ten dollar fee and got an injunction against mass-picketing—pickets limited to four (maybe it was eight) at each entrance, pickets obliged to keep twenty-five feet apart (in front of an entrance maybe twenty feet wide).

If you are familiar with the traditional pattern of Los Angeles's labor relations you will know what happened next. Lieutenant Tucker, at the head of his so-called Metropolitan Squad, took over. Lieutenant Tucker loves this sort of thing. He discharges his duties with relish.

Last year I sat in the courtroom during the trial of Philip Connelly, secretary-treasurer of the CIO Council. Connelly and some eighteen other trade unionists had been arrested by Lieutenant Tucker while picketing the US Motors plant. I heard Lieutenant Tucker testify under oath that the pickets had beaten him on the shins with two-by-fours, in evidence of which the lieutenant pulled up his trouser leg and showed the jury a number of severe cuts and abrasions on the anterior portion of his right leg from the ankle to the knee. Through a fortuitous circumstance lawyers for the defense got wind of an automobile accident in which the lieutenant had figured. I was in the courtroom on the last day of the trial when the lieutenant was recalled to the stand. When confronted with the written medical report of a city doctor recording his hospitalization treatment, he admitted, never taking his eyes off his shoe tops, that what the medical report described as "severe cuts and abrasions on the anterior portion of his right leg from the ankle to the knee" had indeed been inflicted by the automobile smash-up and not by the pickets. Of course, the judge came to his partial rescue by "suggesting" that, perhaps, some of the cuts and abrasions had been inflicted by the pickets and others by the later automobile accident. With which the lieutenant was quick to agree. Connelly went to jail for six months.

Now, injunctions against labor have an unsavory history. For generations they were successfully used to prevent working people from organizing, to smash unions already organized, to break up legitimate strikes. It took years of bitter struggle before the La Guardia-Norris Act delivered labor from the injunctive strait-jacket. Working people who know their history are therefore naturally disposed to regard any kind of a labor injunction with somewhat less reverence than they regard the Bible. They think it neither sacred nor inspired.

Another point about anti-picketing injunctions is that by their nature they throw the power of the court and of the police on the side of management, without regard to the justice or injustice of management's cause.

The theory behind enjoining mass picketing is, of course, that the right of non-striking employees to work must be protected. The difficulty is that the injunction makes no distinction between non-striking employees and "finks." Nor do the police have any means of making the distinction. The inevitable result is that in smashing picket lines the police serve as agents of strike-breakers.

Now, the point is that strike-breakers fall in the category of thieves, certainly if the strike be just. The worker has a vested right in his job. He has invested things of far higher value than money. He has invested his life, his security, his talents, his physical energies, his life forces. In some cases he has spent twenty years and more

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developing special skills all of them related to his job in this particular industry and often by this very fact disqualifying himself for employment in other industries.

The worker has as much right to prevent the strike-breaker from entering the plant to steal his job as the industrialist has to prevent the thief from entering the plant to rob the safe. There is a curious confusion of values in a society which would glorify as a hero the producer who defended his stored gold by cracking a potential safe-cracker over the skull while sending to jail ordinary working people who try to defend their jobs by preventing potential strike-breakers from entering the studio.

In the 1945 Hollywood strike, which lasted for nine months, the producers indignantly denied in NLRB hearings that they were employing strike-breakers. Six months after the strike had ended B. B. Kahane, vice-president of Columbia Pictures, testifying in another NLRB hearing, blandly admitted the producers had employed strike-breakers throughout the 1945 strike. In fact, with the air of one expecting sympathy for the heavy burdens of the industry, he admitted that the producers had been forced to keep this little army of strike-breakers on the pay-roll after the strike was over, even though it performed no work. This, he said, had cost the producers some seven million dollars in wages—paid to strike-breakers whom they had indignantly denied employing! Undoubtedly, during the 1946-1947 lock-out the producers have received consoling compensation in the form of services rendered for the large sums expended.

Now the workers are not fools. They don't believe what they read in the newspapers. They do believe what they see with their own eyes. What they see with their own eyes are the courts using the injunctive process and the police using their clubs to support management and management's strike-breakers without any regard to the justice or injustice of the strike. So they are not psychologically disposed meekly to disperse at the first flourish of a court injunction.

If the authorities are primarily concerned with upholding the dignity of court orders the method of procedure is to arrest a picket and set up a test case of the validity of the injunction. If, on the other hand, the authorities are primarily interested in smashing trade unions the procedure is quite different. Then the tactic is to arrest the strikers or the locked-out workers en masse, throw them into jail, put them on trial, drag the trials out for months, force the defendants to sit for interminable days on end in court rooms (if their families meanwhile starve, what of it? People starved in the concentration camps) pack the juries against them if possible, smear them in the newspapers, single out the more important leaders, concoct a phony charge of felonious conspiracy against them which may land them in the penitentiary for three or four years. If the workers are ultimately convicted, so much the better. Then the judge will send them to jail and impose stiff fines which will bankrupt the unions. If the workers are acquitted, the important objective is still realized. During the slow, dragging months that they have sat day after day in the courtrooms effective picketing has been prevented, strike-breaking has gone merrily on, the economic pressure has been crushing the resistance of the workers: eight months without earnings, credit exhausted, foodless days, homes foreclosed. In short, the strike will be smashed and the unions busted.

This is the way we do things in Los Angeles. So I knew what the lawyer meant when he told me he hated to get out of bed in the morning to face another day of it: American working men and women, being tried like cattle in bunches of twenty to forty (the Municipal Courts attempted to try them in batches of four to six hundred, but the Appellate Division of the Superior Court could not stomach that); the interminable days and dragging hours; the worried faces of wives waiting at night for their husbands—yes, they have even introduced night sessions in some of the trials. Playing across the background of his mind were all the brave noble words about America, land of the free—about Democracy, about liberty and justice for all.

Even the carefully hand-picked juries have not found it easy to do what is expected of them. Several of the trials have finally been concluded. In one of them the jury acquitted twenty-one out of twenty-two defendants. In another the jury acquitted all the defendants. In a third, after being kept out for four days and facing the prospect of being locked up over the week-end, the jury found the defendants guilty on some counts, innocent on others—Emil Freed, communist, was, of course, found guilty on all counts. When the verdict was announced, the alternate juror, a woman, burst into tears. When the other members of the jury were polled they looked like culprits at the bar of justice and with white faces and down-cast eyes made their reply.

★

One of the labor leaders who has been causing a lot of worry out here is Herb Sorrell. He is head of the embattled Conference of Studio Unions in Hollywood. Probably you saw his face looking out from behind prison bars in a recent issue of *Life* where he was described as one of the "not-so-blatant" pro-communist labor leaders in the country. If you are an average citizen of Los Angeles who only know what you read in the Hearst papers or the Los Angeles *Times*, you no

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doubt are convinced that he is a double-dyed villain who periodically plunges Hollywood into the turmoil of labor strife and sets his rough, tough followers to beating up innocent policemen.

He led his people through the nine months strike in 1945. He has led them through the present lock-out now in its ninth month. A labor leader who can retain the staunch loyalty of the overwhelming majority of his people through the embittering experience of eighteen workless months out of twenty-six must have some rare qualities. Sorrell does.

State Senator Jack Tenney (California's puppet version of Mr. Dies) has branded him as a secret communist. People who are familiar with Mr. Tenney and his background are not impressed by anything Mr. Tenney says. In the good old days Jack Tenney was president of the local musicians' union. In those days he acted and talked very much like a communist. To those who knew him in the trade union movement, including Herb Sorrell, he sounded like a radical of the radicals. In those days it seemed to some ambitious people that the road to political power was by way of the extreme left. Mr. Tenney is interested in nothing if not in political power.

Mr. Tenney, however, made a bad mistake. He wrote a new constitution for the musicians' union which, had it been adopted, would have enabled him to perpetuate himself in power. He showed it to Herb Sorrell. Sorrell, a strong believer in democratic trade unionism, told him in his usual forthright fashion what he thought of it. He also predicted that the musicians would throw both the constitution and its author out if he attempted to sell them that kind of a bill of goods. Tenney, who likes to fancy himself smarter than Sorrell, scorned the advice. As Sorrell had predicted, the musicians threw the proposed constitution out the window and voted Tenney out of office.

Tenney has never forgiven Sorrell for having been right. Nor can he, a repudiated labor leader, forgive Sorrell the loyalty and devotion of his people. His personal spite is manifest in the snide comments about Sorrell in the latest Tenney report to the State legislature. His analysis of Sorrell is opposed at every point to Sorrell's character. It is, however, a revealing pen portrait of Tenney himself. Without knowing it, Tenney let his subconscious take command of his pen. It is an interesting case study for a psychiatrist.

I know Tenney. I have even had personal dealings with him. On the eve of the opening of my play "Trial by Fire" last October, Tenney phoned to tell me, at some length, that my play was communist propaganda. My play said that it is not right to burn to death a lovely family simply because they are Negroes. It was against murder. Tenney says that is communist propaganda.

I also know Sorrell. During the past year I have come to know him quite intimately. My considered opinion of him is that he is one of the most genuine and honest persons I know and a man of complete integrity. Not everybody likes Sorrell. The communists have more than once been very angry with him and, though not for publication, have said harsh things about him. Roy Brewer, Hollywood representative of the IATSE, gives the impression of turning green at the mention of his name. Brewer, of course, says that Sorrell is a communist. But Brewer has a very simple norm for determining who is a communist. Whoever crosses Brewer is a communist.

On the other hand, some of those who have fought Sorrell most bitterly and unscrupulously, the producers, will admit, off the record, that they have nothing but admiration for his complete honesty and integrity. People sometimes admire what they cannot imitate.

★

Sorrell is probably not a saint. He is a diamond in the rough, but he does have certain of the qualities which to me are a reflection of genuine holiness. This will embarrass Sorrell tremendously. I am sure he has never thought of himself as a holy guy. I don't think he has ever thought of himself much at all. That is part of his charm.

Maybe I'm a sucker. The matter of holiness is very confusing anyway. I've known so many people who had all the trappings which pass in the minds of people for holiness: the enlarged phylacteries, the broad hemmed garments, the outside of the cup made clean, the prayerful posture, and who, knowing nothing of mercy or charity or justice, shut the kingdom of God against men.

Perhaps I should not say of Sorrell that he is holy, but that he is good and that his goodness is possibly a pre-condition of holiness. I should also say that he makes me feel very humble.

I felt very humble recently upon leaving his office. Frank Lauer, a good Catholic and a good carpenter (the two seem to go appropriately together), had been talking about the mass trials, his speech a mixture of incredulity and indignation; disbelief that this kind of thing could happen in this country, indignation that it should be allowed to happen. . . . "Imagine perfectly decent citizens being sent to jail, honest working people! Imagine a man like Herb Sorrell here maybe being railroaded to jail for three or four years!" (Sorrell is being held on a conspiracy charge which is a felony. If you violate an injunction, that is not a felony. If you talk to some friends about violating it that makes it a felony so they can put you away like a criminal and destroy you as a trade union leader.)

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Frank, boiling with wrath, talked on and on for ten minutes. "This can't happen! Can't we do something about this? Can't the Church do something? Can't decent citizens do something?"

Sorrell sat listening to him. I think I vaguely knew the kind of things I, in function of my priesthood, should have said to Frank. They would have sounded phony. Sorrell said them and they didn't sound phony. They didn't sound phony because they weren't phony. They even sound phony when I put them down on paper. That is the trouble with Sorrell. You have to know him to know his authenticity. You say, Sorrell said this, and it sounds phony. You hear Sorrell say it, the half-shy smile on his battered face (he has given and taken many a blow fighting for people and things he believes in), his eyes lit with a warm affection that is not incongruous in the rough face (his eyes can also look cold and dangerous—I said he probably was not a saint), and you know it isn't phony. He says it out of his heart because he means it. . . .

"Listen, Frank. You can't expect other people to get all excited about this. They've got a lot of things that are more important to them. This is important to us because we're involved in it. It seems to us the most important thing in the world. But other people have other things to worry about. . . ."

"Now listen, Frank. Going to jail doesn't hurt a man. (It is Sorrell, not Frank, who faces the prospect of jail.) Not if he's got a clear conscience. If I had a bad conscience and went to jail, I couldn't stand it. I'd die. That would kill me. But to go to jail with a clear conscience and for something you believe in? That can't hurt a man. It only ripens a man, makes him grow. I could sit in jail all my life, Frank, if I had a clear conscience and believed in what I was fighting for. . . ."

"I remember Y. He had been over twenty years in jail. But he had a clear conscience. I went to visit him. He hadn't been hurt. He had mellowed and grown. I remember M. He had been in jail a long time, too. But he had a bad conscience. He had dynamited a building and killed a lot of people. He was poisoned, warped. As soon as he opened his mouth to talk I could almost see devils jumping out. He was filled with hatred, hatred for capitalists, hatred for Christianity—that is how mixed up his mind was—hatred for Christ—hatred for the Church. I wanted to get away, out into the clean air. That man took a bad conscience into jail with him and the poison had been eating away inside of him all the years. It had killed him. He wasn't a man any more. . . .

"That's the funny thing, Frank. Nobody can hurt you if you have a clear conscience. Jail can't hurt you. But if you haven't, you can't live with yourself. It'll kill you. Remember that and stop worrying about me going to jail."

Of course, Sorrell's philosophy of the clear conscience was not new to me. I have read about it for years in what are called spiritual books. But I have not always done so well at practicing it. The "whips and arrows of outrageous fortune" have given me some bad moments. I have done much better in applying the philosophy since knowing Sorrell. Not long ago one of my confrères told me he thought I must have strong nerves. I don't really, but I keep remembering Sorrell's discourse on how to live at peace though in jail.

Europe's Troubled Mind

H. A. REINHOLD

FATHER D'ARCY, the brilliant English Jesuit, has chosen, in "The Mind and Heart of Love,"* a field that would frighten a lesser man. He plunges right into the middle of the turbulent waters that swirl around the international argument on the two kinds of love *eros* and *agape*, and naturally runs into the big names of our time: Scheler, Heidegger, Rougemont, Heim, Buber, Barth, Burnaby and Nygren—the names he believes to be the cause of all this turmoil, this war which Soeren Kierkegaard wages against Hegel. Since Father D'Arcy's book is bursting with thought and, in spite of the flashes of humor and brilliance which lighten the somber and methodical march of heavily armed thought, it is not bedtime or vacation reading. It would be easy for Father D'Arcy himself to condense the essential content of the book and to do what Christopher Dawson does so well and what Spengler or James Burnham has done so recklessly: to apply his findings to sociology. For my part, I shall try to approach it from the outside, in an effort to arouse some historical and personal interest in its problem. Such an approach is, I admit, somewhat irrelevant to the book and its problems, but it may provide some useful background material.

Among the men mentioned by Father D'Arcy, I remember Edmund Husserl—one of the first men I came to know during my first year of college at Freiburg in 1919. At that time, my teacher was Joseph Geyser, who, during the months just after the end of the war, gave me my first notions of philosophy. Geyser regarded Husserl as his great rival at the university, while Husserl treated Geyser with a sort of polite and amiable contempt. Husserl was Freiburg's philosophical drawing-card—a pupil of Bolzano and the master of phenomenology which spawned Scheler, Heidegger and, in a way, Hildebrand.

*Holt. $3.50.

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I got very little out of Husserl's lectures, but I was deeply impressed by the simplicity of his bearing, and by his incredibly long clauses and the rapt attention of his large audience. Through reading, I finally caught onto his main ideas—not entirely, of course. But he made me curious to hear Heidegger, of whom I knew only that although he had withdrawn from the seminary, and then from the Church, he was, nevertheless, deeply opposed to the liberal Protestant wing of the faculty and frequently said favorable things about scholasticism. In the one class I attended I found a long-maned, youngish man who alternated between looking at his fingernails and out of the window, and talking to himself in a philosophical jargon which made Husserl sound like a popular orator. The future father of existentialist despair must have felt that his five or six students did not know what he was talking about—which may explain his sovereign contemptuous manner. During the next twenty years I observed that he was going on as usual and finding a few more followers and that he saw in the nazi program the political atmosphere in which his philosophy of death would thrive. He became *rector magnificus* of Freiburg University in 1933 and chased his teacher, Husserl, as a Jew, off the campus. Last year, when a Zurich weekly interviewed him in his mountain retreat, he expressed horror of nazism in practice.

It took me two years to come upon Max Scheler, who was then a practicing Catholic and the most brilliant phenomenologist of his day. The circle of brilliant young oblates around Dom Thomas Michels, O.S.B., were the first to initiate me into the thinking of Soeren Kirkegaard. This was in 1923. That his existentialism had anything to do with Heidegger's never dawned on me at that time. In 1926 or 1927, another Benedictine monk, Dom Odo Casel of international liturgical fame, encouraged me to buy Anders Nygren's (professor in Lund, Sweden) "Eros and Agape." At about this time I had to review Karl Heim's book on Catholicism. This book is an important one only because it begot such a remarkable retort; it was the catalytic agent for Karl Adam's classic: "The Spirit of Catholicism."

This is only a sectional view of Father D'Arcy's intense and fundamental discussion of leaders of European philosophy. With the exception of Christopher Dawson, the Anglo-Saxon world seems to have ignored them, except for the picking of such raisins out of the cake as Adam's book. What seeped through to the U.S. was mostly French. Everyone seemed to know Gilson, Maritain, Raoul Plus—but nobody seemed to care how serious these men considered the problems raised in northern Europe.

And now the strangest thing has happened: when Hitler blotted out the intellectual life of the Weimar epoch and it seemed to be dead, the French—of all people—caught the bug and spread it to England. Our snobbish and apodictic *Partisan Review* is channeling the stuff into the esoteric strata of the U.S., from where it will seep down through "lesser" magazines, if the reading public is not frightened off by the vulgarization of its finest thoughts in that bible of intellectual-social climbing, *Life* magazine.

The osmosis between France and Germany during the occupation is one of the strangest psychological phenomena of all times. What the nazis tried to foist on the French mind was universally rejected — their high-powered cultural and political program was a complete failure. But one look at such postwar publications as the Jesuit-backed *Dieu Vivant,* the Dominican *Vie Intellectuelle, Art Sacré, Maison-Dieu,* the books of Pere Danéliou, S.J., and those of Henri de Lubac, S.J., and of Abbé Boyer, show that an enormous amount of "Weimar stuff" infiltrated through the fine mesh of the French mind. Being locked up with their oppressor made the French forcibly look through his baggage, and while they found a lot of despicable rubbish in it, they also discovered some old stuff he had in it as bait, things intended to camouflage the hook to catch them with. In a prison cell you read anything—and so it came about that the French read a lot of things which, although in Hitler's baggage, were really poison to nazism. So don't be surprised now, when you see translations of the latest French books, or Americans editions of English books which are full of quotations from German sources. Even de Rougemont, who is a Swiss and who taught for a time in Frankfurt when Hitler was in power, does not write and think like a Frenchman — *viz,* his "Love in the Western World," or "Passion and Society" as it is called in England.

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Father D'Arcy analyzes the two loves, *eros* and *agape,* as described by the Lutheran, Nygren, and by the Calvinist, de Rougemont. To de Rougemont, *eros* is the dark, passionate and wayward courtly love of the troubadours, whom he sees as crypto-Catharists, and who, out of fear of the Inquisition, write their gnostic teachings as Saint John of the Cross wrote about his spiritual love—in the sensuous terms of earthly love lyrics. Nygren, as a true Lutheran, however, sees in *eros* all humanism, coming down from Plato and the Greeks, falsifying Christianity, first slightly in the Fathers, then openly in Scholasticism. His *agape* is completely supernatural with nothing that we might call "obediential potency" in man. Then Father D'Arcy examines Heidegger's "Existentialism"; Nietzsche's pair of Apollonic and Dionysiac; lesser lights like Descoq,

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Burnaby, Rousselot and Gilson in their defense of their versions of *eros* and *agape*. In the chapter "Philosophical Background," Father D'Arcy gives the best analysis of Heidegger I have so far seen, tracing him back to Kierkegaard and showing his deeply Christian concern as far back as Pascal and Saint Augustine. The besetting problem—how is selfless love of God and neighbor at all possible—is still something unanswered up to his last chapter. Your brains will ache and your eyes smart when you follow Father D'Arcy on his exploration of the subtle, profound and tortuous analyses of his authors. You will at times be in despair; but not so Father D'Arcy, who picks up the threads and sees them all untangled. After a journey which is as hard as beating your way through a jungle—a growth for which nobody can blame the author, who uses his bolo knife of reason with ultimate clarity—we arrive at the promised land of personality. With the right concept of personality, the Catholic conception, the answer is given in the affirmative.

It is a shame to attempt to summarize this book, because, while extensive cuts would be profitable, a summary in a review is impossible. The beauty of Father D'Arcy's work can be suggested by a few quotations: "Our own being, essence and existence, is the school of divine love. Not new favors, nor external happenings, nor rapturous experiences are so much a testimony of God's love as our nature and being itself. . . . The energy of love which is God's own is communicated, and an essentially inferior energy starts repeating the rhythm of the superior one in its own fashion, as when a log thrown into a stream takes on the motion of the stream. Causality is a kind of *pas de deux,* the sympathetic response in a finite energizing to the simple, supreme energizing of the Creator." . . . "The conductor, who is also the composer, lifts his baton and each member plays and gives back to him his own music. The finite is lifted to a new degree of being, whose limit is measured only by the necessity of its remaining a human person. This new energizing has for object to change the relation of creature to creator into one of friend with friend, beloved and lover."

Here is the fundamental difference between those who, like Karl Barth, deny all analogy between creator and created, the consistent followers of the sixteenth century break, and the host of their agnostic offspring, right and left, their romantic bent, which brought Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, Schopenhauer, Heidegger, Jaspers and perhaps also the Niebuhr brothers on one hand, and Saint Thomas and Cardinal Newman on the other. If only Father D'Arcy would consent to stoop to us a little further! There are so many evidences in this book that his language and imagery are at times sublime and beautiful, yet very concrete and full of music and color. Let us hope that this book is the preface to a *magnum opus* leading us less violently, pausing more leisurely, picking more flowers and allowing us to catch our intellectually asthmatic breath more frequently.

For professional philosophers and theologians this book is a landmark. It is the first time that we see a systematic and synoptic analysis of all the men and their works from Kierkegaard through Nietzsche to de Rougemont, Nygren and the lesser fry.

The Taft-Hartley Bill

JOHN BRODERICK

LABOR legislation is like the industrial society to which it applies: it seems, at first glance, to be drab, complicated, useful, and essentially uninteresting. The Taft-Hartley Labor Bill, which last week was enthusiastically run through the Senate and House, and which, by the time this issue of THE COMMONWEAL is being read, may be making its return trip to Congress, or may, under the President's signature, have passed into the law of the land, looks just that way. The bill makes extremely dull bedside reading, but when examined closely it reveals an abundance of relevant information about American society's wrestle with itself.

One of the most interesting things about the Taft-Hartley Bill has been the intense debate that has trailed after it, from the moment of its inception some two months ago right up to last week's final climactic vote in the House of Representatives. As anyone who has been a resident of the United States for the past twelve months could have predicted, the temperature of the debate has been unusually high. But the irascibility, though impressive, has been less striking than the choice of debating vocabulary. Most of the people who spoke up either for or against the Taft-Hartley Bill went about it in a manner that would have been more appropriate for a discussion of the labor situation in the United States in the year 1900. Labor representatives and their associate spokesmen followed the incongruous rhetorical line which John L. Lewis has developed to such an over-ripe degree. There was a great deal of talk about sweatshops and slave labor, and the attention of the public was constantly directed toward the distant light shining from the windows of the owner's manor-house on the hill above the squalid mines.

The forces of management and near-management who favored the Bill were never quite able to match their opponents on emotional grounds; labor's accumulated biblical and historical advantages were too great. Occasionally, when the

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labor language became particularly messianic and oppressive the Taft-Hartley people cried out against some of the details. In general, however, they did not quarrel with the underlying assumption of the debate—that it is still allowable, preferable even, to present and discuss the most urgent problems of an industrial society in the simplified terminology and imagery of a past century. A majority of the Republican Congressmen added their own twist to the prevailing falsification by means of unending references to a mandate which they claim to have received from the nation at large. In this vein, the Congressmen pictured themselves as the protectors of the nation's legion of neighborhood grocers. Labor was depicted as a wild, driverless team of fire horses charging madly down the American street, upsetting pyramids of apples and oranges on every side and reducing the neighborhood grocers to mass hand-wringing and dismay. According to the terms of their mandate, the Congressmen viewed themselves as obligated to head off the fire horses, an action which could be expected to protect society from its most frightening anarchic element—organized labor—and which, once accomplished, would make possible a peaceful resettling of the Norman Rockwell-*Saturday Evening Post* elements in the American scene.

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The most generous way to assess this pastoral view of American industrial society is to conclude that the people who sustain it—the most interested and articulate parties on either side of the Taft-Hartley debate, for example—do not mean it. For the sake of maintaining one's belief in the men who happen to be in a way to direct American society, it is probably a good idea to decide that the Congressmen, the labor leaders, and the industrialists talk the way they do either because it is an old habit or because they think it is the only quick way to encourage public sympathy for their side of the problem. That may be the explanation. It is surely more encouraging than to assume that the labor-management-legislative representatives really believe that the twentieth century forces they are attempting to direct and mesh have any relation to the Dickensian atmosphere which characterized their debate over the Taft-Hartley Bill. Whatever the explanation, the anachronism cannot be explained away; it means something. This, probably: that the American people do not want to know how devilish and immense are the dilemmas, how frightening the dynamics of their society.

No matter what is happening, or is likely to happen, they want to keep things looking traditional, familiar, and simple. The visitors from Europe, who lately have been saying such nice things about us have it all wrong; isolationism is not dead in America; it has merely turned domestic. All the hideaway tendencies in the American spirit are centered, more fiercely than ever, on home. We have changed, all right. We will look abroad now, since we must. But as for the old homestead—we are determined to keep everything there just the way grandfather left it.

The debate over the Taft-Hartley Bill proved that; and it proved that the people who should know better—and who probably do—are perfectly willing to keep on with the game as long as the American people like it that way. There was only one non-Victorian note in the whole debate; the word "totalitarian" kept showing up in the speeches, an indication that the spokesmen for both sides, in their troubled hearts, know or sense something more than they have been saying—that we are riding an extremely jumpy horse, one that could turn totalitarian on us in a moment.

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An examination of the debating rhetoric which floated through the discussions of the Taft-Hartley Bill is an aid to understanding how labor legislation in this country gets that way, but it does not eliminate the bill. Unless something very unusual happens during the next two weeks, the Taft-Hartley Bill is here to stay, and this is the best time to get a good look at it, before time, recrimination, denials and counter-denials set in.

The first thing that is wrong with the Taft-Hartley Bill can be detected in its title; the bill has been called—popularly, and correctly—an omnibus bill. It represents an attempt to do too much too quickly, an error which is the result, partially, of Congressional reluctance to believe in and to understand the complexity of the American industrial problem, and partially the result of a Republican desire to provide the eightieth session of Congress with a legend of major accomplishment.

The problem should have been approached with more thought and caution; even the grocers for whom the Congressmen profess to be acting would not go so far as to predict that the CIO and the AFL have a workers' revolution scheduled for this month. Sometime ago, President Truman suggested a slower approach (see the Labor Movement by John C. Cort in THE COMMONWEAL for January, 1947), but as far as members of the Eightieth Congress were concerned, the President's voice was drowned out by Senator Taft's more persuasive call-to-arms. And so was the voice of Senator Morse, who tried, late in the debate, to make his colleagues see that by breaking the material in the Taft-Hartley omnibus into at least four separate bills they would be doing everybody a favor. But a thundering majority of the Congressmen did not see it that way, and as a result they have produced a

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birdshot measure, begotten in haste (Representative Rayburn has pointed out that he received a copy of the bill only a few hours before voting time), and aimed at everything that looked like a moving target—featherbedding, communist labor leaders, federal employees, strikes against the national welfare. Twelve months from now, the sportsmen may be surprised to find how little real game they have managed to bring down.

The authors and supporters of the Taft-Hartley Bill may have been aware of what they were doing when they decided on the outsize dimensions of their bill, but it is very doubtful that they meant to include some of the other characteristics. In addition to their very evident mistake of trying to throw a cloak over too many things, the Congressmen have put together a piece of legislation which irritates more often than it heals. Instead of knitting society together more closely, instead of lulling that beast—class warfare—, they have approved a bill which, largely because of a number of unnecessary provisions, will make the worker more aware of himself as worker, and which will lead to a period of labor counter-action, both in and out of the courts.

Examples: (1) The enlarged definition of the term "supervisor," an interpretation which is certain to be opposed by labor as a bit of sleight-of-hand intended to cut into potential worker strength by easing as many employees as possible over to the management side; (2) The withdrawal from federal employees of the right to strike, a move which is morally untenable (see "The Right to Strike," by George A. Kelly, in THE COMMONWEAL for May 9, 1947), and which may well arouse suspicion and restlessness where it did not exist before—among the federal employees themselves; (3) The distinction between professional and non-professional employees, a snob distinction which is annoying in itself and which, in some instances—the Newspaper Guild, for instance—could be used as an excuse to break down a union's numerical strength, force reorganization, etc., etc. (This split-off tendency is one of the most irritating characteristics of the bill; a tendency, furthermore, which can lead to more labor units, more strikes, and more complications for employers.); (5) The provision which requires that labor organizations furnish to *every* member of the organization an individual copy of the body's annual financial report, a requirement which would accomplish no real purpose other than being the occasion for a sizable annual drain on union treasuries; (6) The restriction on political contributions by labor organizations, a debatable provision which, in spite of its apparent equalizing effect (it is unlawful for corporations to make political contributions) weakens the political hand of the worker. Union members, as compared with corporation officials, are small wage earners. Individual political contributions by corporation officials amount to something. Union members, in spite of their numerical strength, simply do not make political contributions unless they have the opportunity to do so en masse.

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Those are the most obvious irritants. Some of them are not the most important provisions of the bill, but they are the details which give the bill its "look," its atmosphere. They are the details which make a long, happy wedded life between labor and management less probable.

That provision in the bill which requires all labor officials to prove their non-affiliation with the Communist Party (by means of an affidavit) is certainly not an irritant, but it is, nevertheless, an example of a different type of Taft-Hartley failure. Insistence on affidavits will not hold up communist infiltration into the labor unions, it will merely make the job of detecting the communists a lot more difficult. As the boys who can tell a CP member in the dark put it: the Taft-Hartley Bill would succeed only in forcing the party members underground. The communists will not suffer, but organizations like ACTU will.

It would be foolish to maintain that the bill is all bad. The provisions against featherbedding are good, and so are the blows aimed at secondary boycotts and jurisdictional strikes. The closed shop question is not quite so villainous as some Taft-Hartley opponents have made it out to be. In the long run, it will not change anything, but it will absorb an unnecessary amount of labor's bureaucratic energies. Again, an irritant.

Now—about those strikes against the national welfare, the injunctions, and the eighty-day cooling off period. According to the bill, the President — well advised, presumably — will decide which strikes or potential strikes are to be considered threats to the national welfare. Under Truman, that does not sound very threatening. But the same prospect might be less reassuring under Dewey, and under Taft, a positive fright.

There is only one objection to the eighty-day cooling-off period: it is too long. It is not necessarily true to expect labor-management relations to improve in proportion to the length of a cooling-off period. And there is always the chance that a prolonged wait will vitiate the effect of a potential strike; an eighty-day delay could make possible the building up of an industrial stock-pile great enough to wear the strike out. As for government use of the injunction—in itself it is not bad, but it might become very dangerous indeed, in the same way that the President's right to designate a strike as a threat to the national welfare is potentially dangerous.

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The Taft-Hartley Bill will probably become law. Provision by provision, one can add up a fairly decent score for it, but its irritants and ambiguities give it a chance to accomplish only about a twenty-five percent good. That's not much of an average, even in baseball.

Communications

SHELLEY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Anne Fremantle, in her review of Edmund Blunden's "Shelley; A Life Story," presumably has "The Mask of Anarchy" in mind when she writes: "Cold hands they say betoken a warm heart: Shelley's hands were forever hot. In the savage age of Peterloo, when English workmen were sent to the galleys for their first frail attempts to form trade unions, he bleated against Lord Eldon, the savage Chancellor, and Lord Castlereagh, the reactionary foreign secretary. . . ."

In spite of the lofty conception many persons still entertain of his character, one can justly charge Shelley with grave shortcomings; but lack of a sense of social justice was not among them. It is manifestly absurd as well as unjust, particularly in connection with a tragedy which roused in him the most intense feelings of indignation and compassion, to disparage his sympathy with the oppressed. (Its expression was not confined to his poetry. In 1817, at Marlowe, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia caught while visiting the cottages of the poor.) When Shelley, who was residing in Italy at the time, received the news of Peterloo, he immediately wrote the "Mask of Anarchy" and forwarded it to Leigh Hunt for publication in "The Examiner," of which he was then the editor. Hunt considered the moment a poor one for a favorable reception of the poem. In 1832, after the passage of the First Reform Bill, the success of which was made inevitable by popular disapproval of the government's endorsement of the Peterloo massacre, he released it with these prefatory remarks: "I did not publish it because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kind-heartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse." Hunt had served a jail term of two years, 1813-14, for a printed attack on the Prince Regent, and this too perhaps had something to do with his disinclination to publish the poem while Castlereagh, Eldon, and the rest continued to hold power. But certainly no one would have been more sensible of the humbuggery Anne Fremantle ascribes to Shelley, and repelled by it.

"The Mask" still rings true. It is difficult to conceive of a more vehement poem of protest and exhortation, and with the exception of Milton's great sonnet, "On the Late Massacre at Piedmont," to my knowledge impossible to find its equal:

> As I lay asleep in Italy,
> There came a voice from over the Sea,
> And with great power it forth led me
> To walk in the visions of Poesy.
>
> I met Murder on the way—
> He had a mask like Castlereagh—
> Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
> Seven blood-hounds followed him: . . .
>
> Next came Fraud, and he had on
> Like Eldon, an ermined gown;
> His big tears, for he wept well,
> Turned to mill-stones as they fell.
>
> And the little children, who
> Round his feet played to and fro
> Thinking every tear a gem
> Had their brains knocked out by them. . . .
>
> Men of England, heirs of Glory,
> Heroes of unwritten story,
> Nurslings of one mighty Mother,
> Hopes of her, and one another;
>
> Rise like Lions after slumber
> In unvanquishable number,
> Shake your chains to earth like dew
> Which in sleep had fallen on you—
> Ye are many—they are few.

"Why pretend so fabulously?" Anne Fremantle asks of Shelley. With a good deal more justice and perception, C. M. Herford, in the Cambridge History of English Literature, writes: "The Peterloo affair roused Shelley's fierce indignation and in brief, serried stanzas as of knotted whipcord he lashed the man he chose to hold responsible for the threatened revolution. But the 'Mask of Anarchy' is much more than a derisive arraignment of the 'arch-anarch' Castlereagh. Of Shelley's finest poetry it contains few hints, but without it we should more unreservedly discredit his sense for the realities of a free national life. From the visionary freedom of 'Prometheus' this practical and attainable freedom of 'the comely table spread' and the 'neat and happy home' is as far removed as is the human tragedy of the Cenci Palace from the mythical pangs of the pale sufferer on the Caucasus." In his description of freedom Shelley writes:

> For the labourer thou art bread,
> And a comely table spread
> From his daily labour come
> In a neat and happy home.
>
> Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
> For the trampled multitude—
> No—in countries that are free
> Such starvation cannot be
> As in England now we see.

Anne Fremantle claims that Shelley "never promoted a single reform." This is true if she is referring to his own life-span, which as she herself is aware was short, but it is quite impossible to assert the same for his influence during the century following his death. Among others, Ruskin and Shaw, neither of whom can be said to have lacked influence in promoting social and economic reforms, felt Shelley's power. In the London of the 1880's, thousands of workmen, members of a militant labor union, owned copies of "The Mask of Anarchy," and marched to its music.

As for the picture of Shelley (who seems to have been the only one of his line who ever did any real work)

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"living fatly off a father whom he hated, but from whom he had no objection to inheriting," its perspective is most distorted. The bulk of the family fortune was acquired through the successive marriages of Shelley's grandfather, Sir Bysshe, to two wealthy heiresses. Sir Bysshe was born in Newark, New Jersey, to which his English father had come shortly before his birth, but emigrated to his ancestral land as a young man. If Shelley—who continues to make money for publishers, booksellers, and anthologists, but who had few readers during his lifetime—lived off anyone, it was hardly off his father, but rather his grandparents; or—to look at it more logically—the common people, from whom in return he fought, in his own peculiar yet powerful way, to lift the burden of poverty. He took the long view of it; and it is hard to see how a man of his genius and temper could have chosen a better way to repay them. (He was always ready to give money to relieve distress, besides being extremely generous in helping friends in need.)

In conclusion, one can only express wonder at the deep admiration Anne Fremantle professes to feel for Shelley's poetry. ("Rarely has the world known a more perfect poet. . . .") If she really deems him to have been a cold pretender (in, as well as out of, his poetry), at heart indifferent to suffering humanity, it is clear that she has failed to perceive the intense "moral fervor," as Santayana has characterized it, which animates and shapes the body of his work. Without a sense of that creative spirit—which interpenetrates the lyrics as well as the longer pieces—the bulk of his poetry must appear a fluid mass of powerful, disjointed visions, obscured by excess of light, through which sounds a strange polyphony of exquisite melody and shrill invective. This may be impressive but it is very far indeed from perfection as well as from the real character of Shelley's work. The unifying soul is gone.

J. J. COHANE.

THE itemized accounts of various, though not of all, the sums obtained by Shelley from his parents, as well as from his grandparents, are to be found in "The Shelley Legend" by Robert Smith. This admirably documented, scholarly book also discusses the extent of the poet's political activities, from which it would appear that hind-courage, like hindsight, is better than the fore *variety—at least, when it comes to winning the applause of such obviously discerning critics as Mr. Cohane.*

ANNE FREMANTLE.

FOOD PARCELS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have noticed with interest the Olympian or, given the nature of THE COMMONWEAL, should I say the Christian impartiality with which you include German addresses among French, Belgian, Dutch and Polish addresses to which food parcels may be sent. Yet my interest has not led me to send any packages to the German names. I am sure these people are hungry, but I have sent them nothing at all. It is true also that I have sent nothing to the French, the Belgians, the Dutch or the Poles. I am afraid I am not the kind that sends packages. If I were charitable I shall tell you what I would do. I would send packages first of all to England; I would send dollar bills to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If I were rich as well as charitable I then would send packages and dollars to the nationals of every country that suffered under the Germans. If I were fabulously rich and still charitable, after I had spent almost everything I had, and if I were incredibly nobler than a man can hope to be, I would send—just before the bank closed my account—one package, one dollar, to one German listed in your columns.

You will call this an unchristian attitude; I consider your judgment superficial. For it is not a question of loving one's enemies but one of abandoning one's friends. It seems to me that it is possible for an ordinary Christian to save his friends, his friendships, to be loyal to those of his friends who have been oppressed, before he need concern himself with saving members of a nation which oppressed them. It is true that various saints left their families in the lurch but that is the harsh and explainable result of their immense love and total preoccupation. But permit me to question whether the ordinary Christian sends packages to Germany as the result of an immense and mystical love for the people of that nation (our enemies) or whether he does so—or is asked to do so—as a consequence of a vague liberalism which is anxious only to forget that there are friends, that there are enemies, that there was the war. There is the unfortunate possibility that *for the individual* to forget all this will mean also to forget justice.

In the interests of the world and of justice Germany and the Germans must be brought out of chaos and must not be allowed to starve. That is a necessity in cold reason. The political means must be discovered and carried out. As a primary political means relief must be sent into Germany. But this should be thought out and executed on a governmental and United Nations plane. It seems to me that any insistence on private relief to individual Germans can only confuse the issue.

V. K. BAKER.

"MOON GAFFNEY"

The following is the text of Francis Downing's review of "Moon Gaffney" *by Harry Sylvester to which reference is made on page* 241.—THE EDITORS.

IT TOOK a good deal of anger to write this book; anger that is in the bowels, but anger, too, that is in the mind and is controlled by the mind. It is anger that is hot with knowledge, but anger, also, that is deep in religious belief. It is born of violation, the deepest violation of the human spirit—betrayal by what one loves. It is anger that is residual, while there is no leaving off of loving.

And it took a good deal of courage, too, to write this novel. For the very courage implicit in the book is a sign illumined with all the reasons why there is much spoken criticism of our Catholicism—and why little of it gets written. It illumines why even criticism of the clergy is almost conspiratorial in character. The fact is

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that of the many who would agree with Mr. Sylvester, few would dare to write as he has written.

Perhaps, though, that is to our advantage. Because in this novel Mr. Sylvester has not only put a wide gap between himself and all other American Catholic story-tellers; he has emerged as a brilliant novelist by any standard. For to say that "Moon Gaffney" is written with expert command of both language and technique is to be stingy with praise.

Mr. Sylvester has set down in careful and painstaking detail the differences in the society he describes between Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice. He has done more than that. He has shown how and wherein not only practice, but the doctrine itself is rusted with the contagion of the world's slow stain. The doctrine is love. And it has not been merely touched by hate. It has become hate. And, if I understand him at all, what Sylvester is saying is that the great sin is hatred. And what he is saying is that when the hatred becomes christened and sanctified by numerous Father Malones (p. 202 and p. 254), arrogant, authoritarian, with neither charity nor humility, it is so frightening that it chokes off our very breath. And not the least frightening thing about it is the habit of vascular obedience developed by this kind of clergy in their schools. So that what might otherwise be an aberration not affecting the morally sane, begets pretentious disciples, verbally vehement, physically violent, potentially evil; a growing army moving in the belief that the banner over them is marked "religion." For these disciples Mr. Sylvester reserves his most acerb scorn:

> subject to all false restraints, to all specious and convenient misunderstandings, to all half-truths, to truths watered or etiolated; to ecclesiastical caprice and priestly confusion; mawkish, mock-serene, forever fatuous; smiling and fearful; gilded, gelid and glad.

While hatred, thus, is sprinkled with holy water, and while this kind of described allegiance is being developed, morality is conceived of as an antiseptic island completely surrounded by sex. Naturally all this has a cruel logic, since one cannot give diplomas to the nurtured mindless, and, yet, stress that there are sins of the mind.

Moon Gaffney's story is the slow, deliberate, almost reluctant development of conscience. His own story is a masterpiece of detailed self-growth. It is a character portrayal that is almost embarrassing in its realism and its profound truth. By itself it is a richly textured addition to our understanding of human beings. But it does not stand only by itself. Mr. Sylvester has drawn many characters, lawyers, priests, Tammany politicians, Catholic young women, rich, poor, pathetic, complacent and perturbed. Ellen, Bart Schneider, Burke Reilly, James Kavanaugh—these are a group obedient, compromising, questioning, rebellious, drunk, obsessed, strong or warped, as seldom are found anywhere in American novels.

Moon Gaffney, orthodox and ambitious, dreaming of being New York's mayor, is drawn into a group from the *Catholic Worker*. Through them he discovers the parochial cast of some of the hierarchy. In the presence of their narrowness he is helpless and confused. His recommendation of one McGuffey as a lawyer for a labor union in which there are communists, increases his confusion. For McGuffey's wife leaves him. And her father tells Moon that McGuffey is an enemy "not only of ourselves but of Holy Mother the Church." Moon's relation with the *Catholic Worker*, the death of his father, his shocks, his persistence in living by his beliefs bring swift ruin to all his plans. A brutal expression of clerical fascism, fascistic particularly in its shocking hatred of Jews, leaves him reeling. It takes him a long time to find the truth: that such priests speak "in no large or legitimate sense for the Church." Moon becomes a labor lawyer, free, vigorous and strong, mocked and despised for defending Negroes and communists. The bingo banners still flap above the Church.

I do Sylvester little justice to retell it in this fashion. For his is a novel beautifully and wonderfully done. His, now, is a sure and great talent. Many Catholics will abuse his book: but all Christians will be grateful for it.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

Through Your Hat

THAT GREAT American pipe dream, that idyllic romance called boy-meets-girl, appears in various guises this week. You can have it straight and gushy in *"High Barbaree,"* in which our hero, floating around in the Pacific after his plane was downed, lets his mind wander through a whole series of romantic flashbacks. Since he's still pretty young, he can still remember way back to when he and Nancy were tots and perilously climbed the water tower in their small Iowa town; and then he recalls a later period in their childhood when they ran away with his Uncle Thad (Thomas Mitchell) whom they adored. Of course most of the reminiscences belong to later years when Van Johnson and June Allyson play the rôles and are the very personification of the ideal young American couple. It seems as if they were in love always, except for that brief interlude when he was interested in another girl—and her father's money. A tornado and a flood bring the boy to his senses. Anyway, the other girl (even though wealthy and played by pretty Marilyn Maxwell) cannot bust up the great American romance. And neither can war—for who do you think rescues the boy in the Pacific? That's right: Uncle Thad and Nancy, both of whom are now in uniform. Three scriptwriters wrote this sticky script from the novel by Nordhoff and Hall. Jack Conway directed it in a manner appropriate to its story. And it will no doubt make lots of money for M-G-M.

Or you can have your boy-meets-girl farcical and funny, as in *"Dear Ruth."* This hilarious comedy stems from Norman Krasna's stage play of a couple of years ago, and is typical of dream romance during the war. For what girl could resist a handsome lieutenant in an air corps uniform? Certainly not Ruth who found the affair started for her by her young sister (Mona Freeman) who had been writing letters in Ruth's name "to

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make a frightened soldier into a man!" Scriptwriter Arthur Sheekman retained most of Krasna's cracks, and they're still funny; and Director William Russell hurries his cast through the amusing situations so you won't have a chance to think too seriously about what's going on. Joan Caulfield and William Holden at least look very attractive as the couple who rush into marriage before they can really consider the step or before Ruth's jilted fiancé (Billy DeWolfe) can make them listen to reason. Most entertaining in this cast full of bright people is Edward Arnold as Ruth's father, who shows that the older generation can still hold its own against peppier generations even supposing that the bobbysockers have anything more than alert idiocy.

The boy-meets-girl angle in *"It Happened on 5th Avenue,"* although just as day-dreamy as most, has to retire to second place, for the biggest rôle in this satirical comedy is played by Victor Moore, an amiable comedian who only has to waddle across the screen to win a laugh. Producer-Director Roy Del Ruth and his scriptwriters must have had Mr. Moore in mind while planning this movie. The rôle of the tramp, who moves into a New York mansion every winter while its owner suns himself elsewhere, is a natural for this unaffected actor who can take ordinary lines ("A house is only what its occupants make of it.") and deliver them as if they were the world's greatest truths. He plays fairy godfather to a large group of guests whose lives need a little straightening: a dispossessed veteran (Don DeFore); the owner's unhappy daughter (Gale Storm) whose troubles are dispelled when vet meets poor-little-rich-girl; several more veterans complete with wives and kids; and eventually the owner himself (Charlie Ruggles) posing as a tramp, and his divorced wife (Ann Harding). You can guess the solution; the manner of arriving at it is amusing though not closely related to reality. Every time the sentiment gets too thick, it is picked up with a humorous twist by that charming hobo who gave up working years ago because he could never earn enough for his lavish tastes.

"Copacabana" also has a comedian whose appearance starts my laugh glands working. And I'm happy to say that Groucho Marx dominates the picture. Although Carmen Miranda cannot quite take the place of his brothers who are conspicuously absent, she makes a good foil for Groucho's brand of nonsense, and manages to carry on at the same time with her own special kind of entertainment. Of course anyone who thinks that a night club is really run like this one has seen too many Hollywood musicals. As diversion, however, "Copacabana" fits the requirements with good songs, flossy production numbers and a funny plot. Andy Russell helps Carmen handle the vocalizing; and Gloria Jean, who introduces youthful romance by looking longingly at Steve Cochran, bursts into song in a big dream sequence. Groucho is my boy, however; and he and Carmen carry most of the action. Their romance, though exuberant, is more clown-meets-Brazilian than a typical American dream.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Moon Gaffney. Harry Sylvester. Holt. $2.75.

THE COPY of "Moon Gaffney" which we received from the publishers was immediately sent for review to our critic, Francis Downing. But now that I have read the book and fully recognize the special importance of its subject matter, it seems fitting that as Editor of THE COMMONWEAL I myself should review it. Mr. Downing's opinion of the book is printed in its entirety on page 239 of this issue.

By the end of the first few chapters it is obvious that Mr. Sylvester writes with both assurance and competence. He is intensely concerned throughout with important aspects of the basic human conflict between good and evil. His dismay over the unfortunates he is portraying is beyond question. Sincerity, fire and style are there in good measure.

The theme itself has possibilities: the arousing of the social conscience of an undistinguished young Irish-American who would otherwise have only to keep his wits about him, and conform, to go far in Tammany Hall. Unhappily, as the story proceeds, it becomes increasingly plain that Mr. Sylvester is infinitely more interested in his long list of actual and imagined Christian failings than in the growing awareness thrust upon his pallid, two-dimensional hero.

In a work of such intense social criticism as this the key question is whether the picture drawn is authentic. My answer in the main is in the negative. For in order to establish his case the most sincere social critic cannot afford to be mistaken as to the general validity of his facts. And in this connection the old argument is hardly convincing that because something once happened it is necessarily true to life.

Many of Mr. Sylvester's incidents do, in fact, put a severe strain on the average reader's credulity. I cite but three of them: an anti-Semitic sermon is delivered at the wake at Moon's house; when brides come for in-

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formation about the rhythm theory their spiritual adviser misinforms them and then boasts of his deceptions; two supposedly sophisticated priests try to convince a rather spirited young woman to patch up a broken engagement by pointing out that although the wastrel in question is at present a confirmed alcoholic, he is, after all, a son of a Knight of St. Gregory.

Set off against his dismal catalogue of ignorance, venality, frustration, anti-labor prejudice, racial hate and general lack of Christian charity among the common run of clergy and faithful in this imagined corner of Manhattan are Mr. Sylvester's ten just: the *Catholic Worker,* Al Smith (the only decent politician in the city), one understanding nun. Whether it is a case of insufficient data or bad arithmetic on his part, the balance of the author's findings does not tally with mine or that of the sizable aggregate of not uninformed or uncritical acquaintances which fifteen years of journalism at THE COMMONWEAL inevitably have built up. Valid criticism of clerical authoritarianism and several other real abuses gets lost in the wild fusillade which Mr. Sylvester aims in so many directions. For me "Moon Gaffney" rings true only in an occasional scene and in the author's marked sincerity of intent.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Livingstone's Last Journey. Reginald Coupland. Macmillan. $3.50.

COMING TO THIS book fresh from the same author's fascinating "Wilberforce," the reviewer soon felt a sense of frustration, coupled with the necessity of keeping on reading. Later, however, he began to wonder whether Sir Reginald Coupland—or was it the mere impact of the facts he narrates?—was not deliberately recreating what must have been the prevailing mood of that long, weary, seven-year trek that was Livingstone's last journey.

Dr. David Livingstone landed on the East African coast on March 24, 1866. He died in a village 700 miles inland on May 1, 1873. Only one white man saw him in that interval—the American, Henry Morton Stanley.

The geographical object of his journey was to locate the central African watershed and to investigate the possible sources of the Nile. But Livingstone was not content with only a scientist's rôle; he was eager to bring a knowledge of the Christian religion to the peoples of Africa, and to do all that lay in him to abolish the horrible traffic of the slave trade. His journey, which he began with the highest hopes and in good spirits, was a long series of frustrations, perils from the elements, faithless porters; and, above all, sickness. About nine months after he started he lost his medicine chest, and with it his defense against dysentery and malaria, twin plagues that hardly ever left him after that. The chest was lost on January 20, 1867; he met Stanley on November 10, 1871. That makes almost five years on the march through tropical Africa without quinine or other drugs. As one reads the book he must stand astonished at the will power that drove Livingstone on, when by all medical reasoning he was a hospital case. And this, be it noted, through matted jungles, through swamps that were little more than mud waist-high, through tropical rains that never ceased and flooded the country for twenty miles at a stretch.

The barbarities of the Arab slave trade were a double cross to Livingstone; his heart was wrung by the wanton slaughter and suffering it imposed on the native tribes; and his work was rendered almost impossible at times by the terror of strangers it induced in them. Not to mention that the Arab slavers themselves, while professing friendship, took by no means kindly his penetration into their territories and his exposure of the trade's atrocities. One of the most dramatic features of Stanley's coming was that it occurred just at the moment when Livingstone had only one day's meager rations left between himself and dependence for his life upon the charity of the Arabs—a prospect which he regarded as the nadir of humiliation.

Stanley does not come out too well in this book, especially in his long feud with Kirk, Livingstone's closest friend, against whom, it would almost seem, he turned for awhile Livingstone's sick, weary and dispirited mind. Sir Reginald appears to present the case with the utmost objectivity, does not begrudge Stanley the praise that is due him, and puts down his faults to temperament rather than malice.

The greatness of Livingstone nowhere, perhaps, comes out more clearly than at the moment when dying in his hut, alone, hundreds of miles from the nearest of his race, he drags himself from his bed by a final supreme effort to kneel in prayer; and it was kneeling thus, cold and dead, that his bearers found him the next morning.

One month after Livingstone's death the Sultan Bargash, under British pressure, closed the great slave market at Zanzibar. Two years later, under that unrelenting pressure, he forbade the transport of slaves in his dominions. Livingstone's dearest wish was fulfilled; the slave trade was dead.

CHARLES KEENAN.

The Semi-Attached Couple. Emily Eden. Houghton. $2.75.

OTHE cockle-warming joy of reading at last a really witty book by a nice person, about nice people! The great Beatrix Potter (immortal author of "Peter Rabbit") once began a story about an odious fox, called "The Tale of Mr. Tod," with the warning that it was going to be about bad characters. And, since that time, almost every author has followed her (in this instance only) lamentable example. Readers are indulged in intimate character studies of every kind of abnormal and immoral creature; but agreeable human beings are even more sadly lacking in fiction than in fact. But there is only one really nasty person in this utterly beguiling book, written in 1830, and published in 1860, with an apology by the author. "In rewriting I might easily have introduced . . ." she writes, "modern innovations, but as I believe the manners of England to be as much changed as her customs, there would have been discrepance between my scenes and characters." She had thought her novel "a tolerably faithful representation of modern society" when she wrote it, but her young friends all assure her "it is amusing . . . as a curious picture of old-fashioned society." So she offers it to her contemporaries (she was born in 1797) as for them it may have the charm of reminding them of their youth, and she hopes that to the young "it may have the recommendation of being a strange chronicle of the Olden Time."

The Hon. Emily Eden was the twelfth child of the first Lord Auckland, and his wife Eleanor, a sister of the first Lord Minto. Emily never married, but with

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her sister Fanny, kept house for her eldest brother George, a bachelor, who, as the second Lord Auckland, became Governor-General of India, and later First Lord of the Admiralty. Emily not only wrote with a sensitive, ironic pen. She could also paint well enough for her "Portraits of the People and Princes of India" to be still today a most sought-after classic; and a most successful exhibition of her water-colors was held in 1916. Mr. Anthony Eden, in his delightful introduction to his cousin's novel, tells of her life at Government House, Calcutta, of the weekly Saturday-to-Monday moving of 400 people to the country; of Emily's enchanting letters (she writes to her sister Mary, for example, of Lord Byron's engagement to Miss Milbanke: "We hear that Lord Byron is going to be a good boy, and will never be naughty no more, and he is really and truly writing a new version of the Psalms") and of the cottage at Broadstairs to which she retired after her brother's sudden death, whose gardener was a ragged boy from a London family who were her pensioners, and who could not tell flowers from weeds except by colored patterns.

Emily Eden's novel is curiously up-to-date in theme: a lovely eighteen-year-old, Helen, is married to a most eligible young marquess who had "five country houses, being four more than he could live in, 120,000 pounds a year, being 30,000 pounds less than he could spend, with diamonds that had been collected by the last ten generations of Teviots, and a yacht that had been built by himself, and the good looks of the poorest of younger brothers." Yet they are not happy, for Helen is afraid of her husband's ardor, and he is annoyed by her coldness, and constantly upraids her (instead of wooing her) when she does not return his passion. She has been spoiled by a doting family, and Teviot almost scares his exquisite bride into hating him. Around them mill all the appurtenances of county life: the Douglases (she was an heiress) the most lemony character imaginable, entirely odious, except when she snubs the villainous Lady Portdown, and when, after her daughter's engagement to Colonel Beaufort, she is tamed by his easy kindness, and "fell slightly, and with the most perfect propriety, in love with her intended son-in-law": Mrs. Thomson, the curate's wife, who was "always sure to be looking the other way when anything worth seeing was going on" and so of course missed Lady Helen's dropping of her prayer-book because she was unluckily tying her little girl's bonnet-strings; the pert Nancy, Lady Helen's maid, "by the grace of presumption calling herself Mrs. Tomkinson"; Mr. G. "who really was what is commonly called a great man," being Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons. He becomes Prime Minister during the novel's idyllic course. Even more delightful is Fisherwick, his private secretary, who "looked horrid. His hair contrived to collect more dust than the usual laws of capillary attraction warranted; altogether, he had the air of an exhausted ink-bottle. If he had been allowed . . . gallons of hot soap and water on his arrival he would have been quite another Fisherwick," as he was on the splendid day of the bridge-opening, when his hero, Mr. G., "Glorious Apollo," made so superb a speech that Fisherwick came home slightly elevated, and strong enough to read half a paragraph of an opposition paper, and to rub his hands friskily, whilst he hummed, *Ça m' est égal.*

It is indeed difficult to choose between the delightful scenes. Some readers will prefer the election, with Lady

★ ★

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The Foreign Exchange Problem

READERS in Europe cannot send money out of their respective countries. COMMONWEAL subscriptions paid for by American readers are doubly welcome to friends and relatives abroad ($7 a year, $3.50 six months).

Eskdale sipping gooseberry wine, and finding its resemblance to champagne depending on the state of the poll; some will prefer Mrs. Douglas's jaundiced descriptions of the glories of Eskdalia; some will be most amused by the awfulness of the outrageous Lady Portdown, or by the various minor proposals; some will prefer the really touching moments when Helen and Teviot learn to love each other. Perhaps the best of all is Mrs. Tompkinson's letter describing St. Mary's Abbey, for the valet's view is always, finally, the most revealing, and nothing could be more perfect than her account of Mrs. Stevens, "a very moral of a housekeeper in a romance . . . we joke each other about our beaux for there are ten gentlemen and only us two ladies. I hope to pick up a little French between the cook and the confectioner."

The artificialities of Aurora Dawn, the sparkling whimsy of Miss Thirkell, are revealed for what they are, beside Miss Eden's realities. Only "Pride and Prejudice" itself can compare; indeed, the bold courage of Mr. Birrell, whose verdict was "Better than "Sense and Sensibility" is more than justified. Here is an entirely civilized book, to purr over and to puff.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Music in the Romantic Era. Alfred Einstein. Norton. $5.00.

EXAMINE the best-seller list of record albums and it becomes apparent that Dr. Einstein's subject matter is of more than historical interest. Despite the cajolings of innumerable propagandists, our musical taste remains firmly rooted in the nineteenth century. Modern iconoclasts have come and gone, but Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Chopin and their contemporaries still rule the roost.

This predilection for Romantic music cannot be set down merely as mass esthetic obsolescence. We do not hanker thus for Bulwer-Lytton or Delacroix. Obviously, the musical attributes of this period—its stylistic variety, its enthusiasms, its sincere prolixity—have an enduring value which contemporary audiences are loath to forego. It is all the more important, then, for us to understand and appraise the diverse output of the century.

Diversity. There is the stumbling block ready to trip the bold man who attempts a synthesis of this era. Dr. Einstein has not wholly avoided it. "My aim," he tells us, "has been to show how the Romantic movement was manifested in music and how music affected the Romantic movement." To this end he describes the development of musical thought from Schubert to the death of Wagner, treating in detail such matters as form and style, the relation of music to the other arts, the changing attitude of the composer toward his public, the advent of musical nationalism. Like so many German scholars, Einstein likes to fit artistic endeavor into neat philosophical concepts. But with such a contradictory subject as Romantic music this tendency often serves more to muddle and confuse than explain. Fortunately, the author ceases to be a pedantic pigeon-holer when he comes to grips with music itself. His long chapter on Wagner, Verdi and Offenbach is a fascinating analysis of nineteenth century operatic development. Here Dr. Einstein shows himself at his best, a scholar of vast reading and experience who is yet highly susceptible to the vital impact of artistic creation. Readers may boggle at the attempted synthesis but cannot help being attracted by the author's acute musical perceptions.

ROLAND GELATT.

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The Weather of the Heart. Daphne Athas. Appleton. $2.75.

"A process in the weather of the heart turns damp to dry." Miss Athas has found a superb title in this line of Dylan Thomas. Love is a process, which ends as it began, compelling the weak to strength, the strong to weakness, and in the end returning each to his own aloneness. The theme is not unusual, nor are the dramatic conflicts which sustain it—desire and conscience, intensity and permanence, freedom and respectability. And yet this novel is a startling achievement, quite out of the ordinary run of fiction. For Miss Athas describes the process in a heart which is not weathered, utterly present in love, because it has no past, no measure, and no limit.

Young, genteel, Eliza Wall finds herself and love together with young, waifish, Claw Moreau. The place is Maine, a fishing village, where her father, a widower, has retired with his two daughters. Claw is a French Canadian outcast, with a moronic mother and brothers and sisters to feed, for home a filthy clap-board house, and a job at the shipyard. And there are the Maine people—Mrs. Harley at the store and her canary, Elisha Hubbard and Overton at the yard, Ulb Hatton, Joseph Wall's housekeeper, and the guardian of the children after his death—God-fearing and back-biting. Also, mildly disillusioned, city-bred, Alicia Garth, and her smart son Monty. Eliza's experience is perhaps the making of another Alicia Garth or Joseph Wall, hopelessly content after the storm.

No Junior Miss, this Eliza. She is simple in her offering, rough in her emotion, pitiless in love and hate, somebody worth reading about in times of diluted passion, when men and women, much older than Eliza, play like boys and girls. Nor is she uncomplicated, either. She, too, has her psychosis. After her father's death, she needs to give herself up to some superior strength. She finds Claw, loves him violently, and makes him love her. But, when she discovers that Claw is not what she is looking for, she returns to the memory of her father. And dry-eyed now, for she has seen the limits of life.

This is a truly creative piece of fiction, a good and successful minor work. Daphne Athas is a first novelist who has the sense and integrity to stay within her range. One feels that the novel is written from her innermost experience, but that she can invent more. Her expressive capacity is powerful, especially in the staccato description of the storm, and her degree of intensity very great. And this makes up for a basic structural weakness in the plot, and for a complete lack of humor.

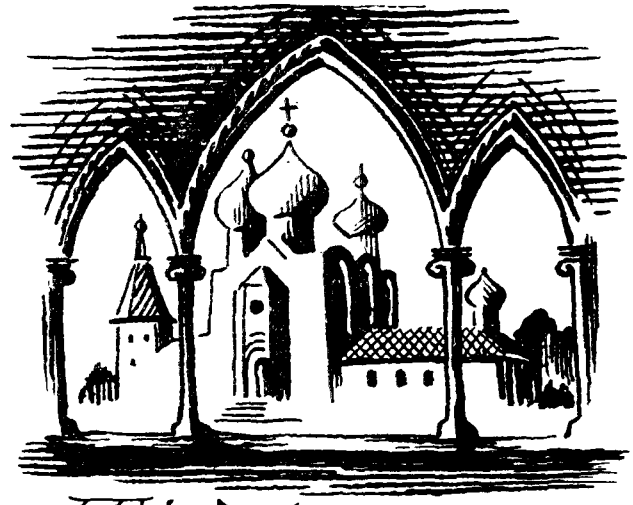
NANCY LENKEITH.

Jacob's Night: The Religious Renascence In France. Wallace Fowlie. Sheed. $1.50.

WHAT LITERATURE most needs at the present time is a criticism which concerns itself with differences rather than similarities. Etymologically the word "critic" derives from *kritēs,* meaning "a judge," and a judge does not inquire into what the defendant has in common with other men. He is concerned to discover whether there is a difference—the difference of guilt. Mr. Fowlie is so busy finding similarities in the works of poets, painters and philosophers that if he is not very careful he will soon be unable to distinguish Taylor Caldwell from Marcel Proust.

Consider for a moment the following passage, which

Rome—
Russia—
Reunion—



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occurs on page 85 of "Jacob's Night":

> There are traces of this Baudelairian drama in the final scene of Joyce's novel "Ulysses," where Molly Bloom dreams and thinks in her bed; in the recent French play "Huis Clos," of Jean-Paul Sartre, where the three characters remain in a single room, and in the American film "The Lost Weekend," where the hero locks himself up in his apartment.

Does this tell us anything useful about the three works of art cited, or about Baudelaire? The fact that someone is shut up in a room is in itself supremely unimportant; what matters is what he does there.

Again, take this from the following page:

> It is a significant fact that most of the great modern poets have literally left their country to go and live elsewhere. Since Rimbaud, who seems to have consecrated the flights of the poet by his own voyages to so many different countries, the world has witnessed a series of physical departures and watched poets settling under foreign skies: the Austrian Rilke in Paris, the French Claudel in Japan, the American Eliot in London, the English Auden in the United States, the French St. John Perse in Washington.

"Significant" of *what,* in heaven's name? And why "since Rimbaud?" Why not "since Byron, Shelley, Keats and Landor?" Why not "since Joachim du Bellay?" Why not "since Dante?" Why not "since Ovid?"

If you ask what all this has to do with the Religious Renascence in France, I can't tell you. The quotes are from an essay on "Myths of Modern Poetry," dealing with Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Mallarmé. It is quite clear that Mr. Fowlie has not decided just what a myth is. As for the other three essays, on Péguy the Prophet, Rouault the Painter, and Maritain the Philosopher, each is so amorphous and so busy chasing resemblances that one soon imagines Maritain is the painter, Péguy the philosopher, and Rouault the prophet. Or something.

Mr. Fowlie's prose is a fit medium for his thought. It is simple and clear—one looks down into those clear, clear shallows, and there is not a speck of logic to obscure their clarity. The English gives the impression of being very literally translated from French, as no doubt it was. There are some kinds of nonsense which sound well in English, but are revealed as just nonsense when translated into French. Mr. Fowlie's particular brand may sound better in French.

VIVIAN MERCIER.

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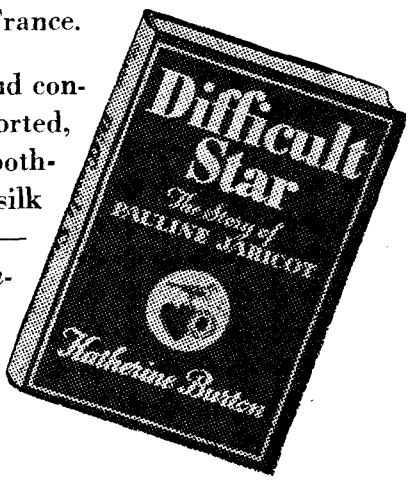

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